

The Sketch

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No. 1168.—Vol. XC.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16, 1915.

ONE SHILLING.



IN HER "WINDMILL-SAIL" HEAD-DRESS: Mlle. Gaby Deslys, AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Mlle. Gaby Deslys is now at the Alhambra, in the revue "5064 Gerrard." With her, as dancing-partner, is Mr. Harry Pilcer. Other photographs will be found in this Number.—[Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Wrather and Buys.]



MOTLEY NOTES

By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY ; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"



"If You Please." "If you please," said the dear old lady, as she fussed gently about the parlour of her dear old house in a dear old country town, "would you kindly tell me how many Zeppelins the Germans possess at the present moment?"

"I would tell you with pleasure," I replied, "if I knew."

"But you have a rough idea, no doubt?"

"Well, perhaps a very, very rough one."

"I don't mind how rough it is," said the gentle old lady.

"Well, I should think they might have twenty or thirty."

"Not more than thirty?"

"Oh, no; certainly not more than thirty."

"Thank you." She peeped gently into the teapot, gently added a little hot water, as though to avoid hurting the tea-leaves in any way, and then observed, "I shall tell Mr. Marble he must be much more careful in his statements."

"What has Mr. Marble been saying?"

"He called here two or three days ago, and began talking about Zeppelins." (I cursed Mr. Marble, whoever he might be, in my heart.) "He spoke in the most authoritative way. He knew for a fact, he said, that the Germans had five hundred Zeppelins, and they would all come over at once some night this month. That was why I bought the respirators. Would you like to see them?"

The Respirators. I said it would give me very great pleasure to see the respirators, so the old lady fussed gently from the room, fussed upstairs, fussed about overhead a little, and fussed gently down again.

The respirators were in cardboard boxes, and there was another box which contained a bottle which contained some kind of mixture in which the respirators must be soaked before being applied to the nose and mouth.

"The part that goes over the mouth and nostrils," explained the old lady, "is twill, and the eye-pieces are made of talc. Oh, they're very good things to have in the house these days. And quite cheap, for a wonder. Would you like me to put it on?"

"Very much."

So she put it on, tied it behind her head with the strings provided for that purpose, and glared at me, quite gently, through the talc.

"Of course," she went on, her gentle tones a little muffled by the twill, "if the Zeppelins were really here I should have soaked the respirator in the solution. That makes it impossible for the gas to hurt you. You can run about and put out fires and things, all the time breathing quite freely. Now you'd better try it on, so as to get into the way of it."

So I tried on a respirator, and the old lady showed me how to tie it gently at the back, and assured me that I looked very nice in it.

The Secret.

"I notice," I said, "that you have more than one."

The old lady seemed just the least bit in the world embarrassed.

"That is so," she admitted. "Two are alike, and one isn't. I should like you to accept the second of the two that are alike, if you will."

"Oh, no, please don't. There might be two raids. You may have a sister, or a friend! I can easily—"

"If you please." So I took the second of the two that were alike, and put it carefully into my pocket.

"The third," observed the old lady, taking it gently from its box, "is rather on my conscience. I should like to have your

advice about it. You see, it is quite a different shape from the others."

It was. It was a sort of little bag, but just as carefully designed and finished. The strings for fastening it on were blue.

"It was made to order," said the old lady. "You won't tell anyone about it, will you?"

"Not a soul!"

"Well, it's for my dear Snobby." On the word, a large cat swam from under the table, and leaped into the lap of his mistress. "I used to lie awake at night, wondering what would happen to Snobby if the Zeppelins came. You see, his beautiful nose is so near to the ground, and he would get the gas long before we did. Do you think it was very wicked to have a respirator made to fit him?"

"Certainly not. Snobby ought not to die if his life can be saved." I thought of adding, "From what I know of him, he is not at all fit to die"; but I tactfully refrained.

"Thank you," said the old lady. "You have taken a great weight off my mind."

Which, after all, was something.

"Domestic Precautions."

I have been reading some hints on what one should do in the event of an air-raid. For example—

"Should definite information be received of the approach of hostile air-craft or actual bombardment commence in the vicinity, refuge should be promptly taken in the cellar, basement, or lower floor."

Should it? Well, for the moment I happen to be living in a London house which is cut up into flats. My flat is on the top floor but one. The ground-floor is a shop, and has a separate entrance, closely locked and barred at night. So that I could not possibly take refuge in the cellar or the basement. The flat on the first-floor is not inhabited at night. It is a dentist's surgery. I could, I suppose, break into the surgery, but I feel sure that the dentist would be very cross when he came in the morning. I have a suspicion that, as it is, I am not too popular with him. I don't know why. Some people are like that.

Lights.

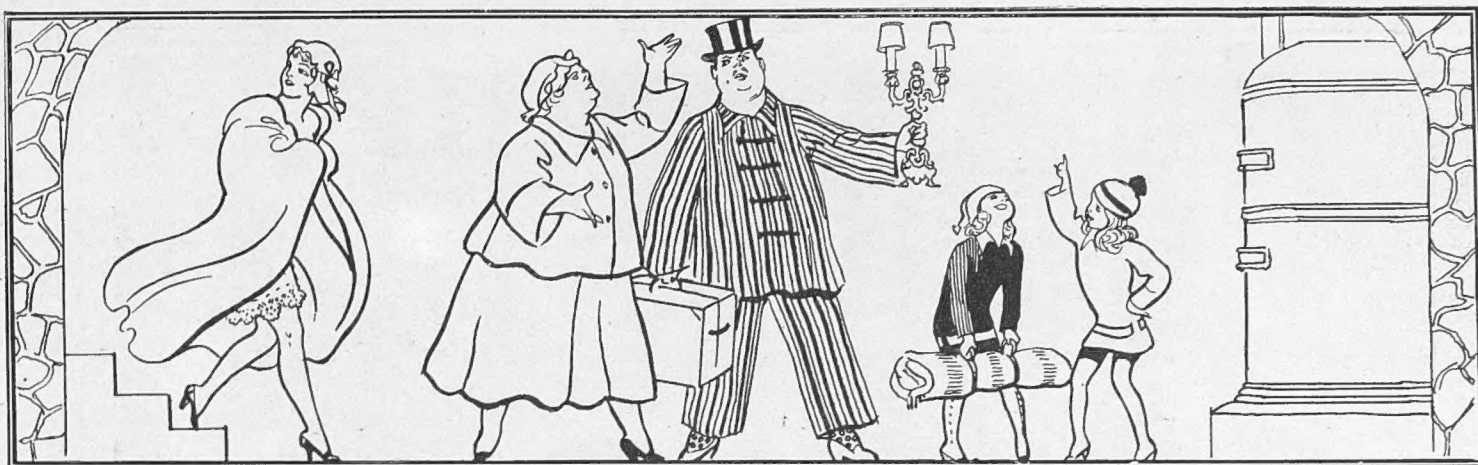
Again: "All gas-lights or stoves should be turned out, and the gas-supply turned off at the meter. All electric-lights should be switched off, and the supply turned off at the main switch near the meter."

But how can I go breaking into all the other flats, turning off gas and electric light? I don't even know where the meter of my own electric-light is kept, and, if I did, I shouldn't know in the least how to turn it off. These hints make one very uncomfortable.

Really, I suppose, the best thing to do in the case of a Zeppelin raid is to make a dash for the nearest lake or pond, get into it, and duck your head whenever you see a bomb falling. Mind you, this is not scientific, and nobody must follow it without getting the suggestion approved by the authorities; but if "water is the most valuable means of dealing with bombs," as the expert in my morning paper tells me, it stands to reason that it is better to get into a pond or a river than to flood the house.

Which brings us back to the old theory that the birds and fishes have the best of it in this world. As a shrewd young woman said to me once, "Whenever I think about Life, I always feel that there's a catch in it somewhere."

VANITIES OF VALDÈS: PARIS ZEPP-ED INTO CELLARS.



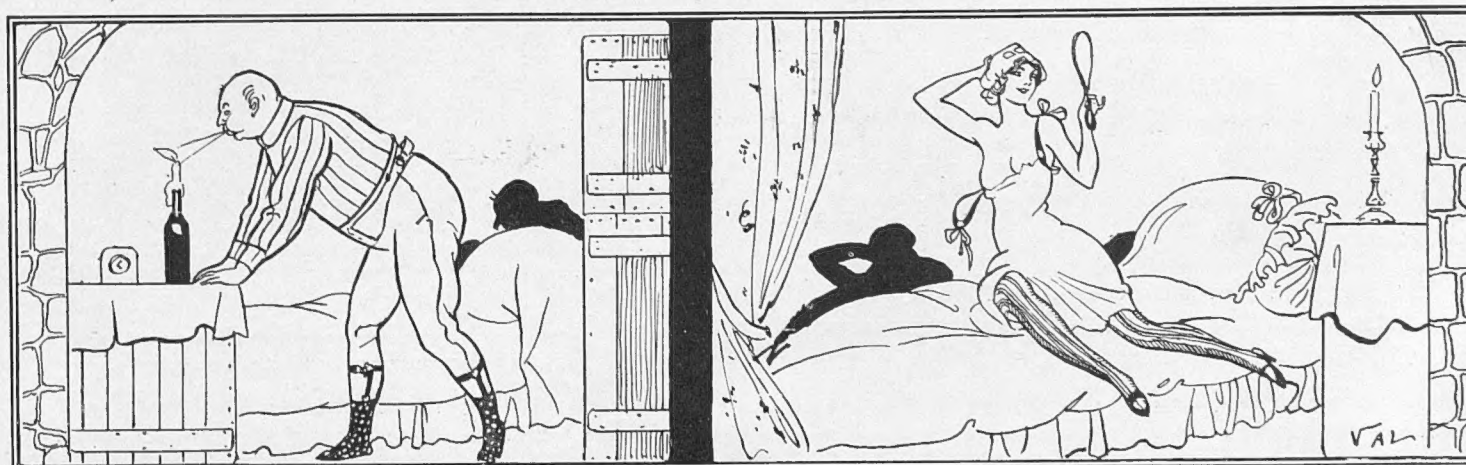
A ZEPPELIN IN THE OFFING: TAKING TO THE CELLARS, BY ORDER OF THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES.



FROM THE FIRST-FLOOR FLAT: THE FAMILY MAKE THE VERY BEST OF THINGS.



FROM THE SECOND-FLOOR FLAT: "MADAME IS NOT AT HOME."



FROM THE THIRD-FLOOR FLAT: LIGHTS OUT.

KHAKI—AND PEACE DOGS: THE BOTANIC GARDENS SHOW.



SECOND LIEUTENANT UNWIN JUDGING
BLOODHOUNDS.



LORD WROTTESLEY JUDGING
DACHSHUNDS.



CAPT. CAFFEENBERT, 5TH BELGIAN LANCERS,
AND MISS CRAIGIE'S TACKLER BAC OF PATTIS.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA FEEDING DOGS
AT THE SHOW.



LADY KATHLEEN PILKINGTON JUDGING
FRENCH BULLDOGS.



CAPTAIN P. HAYWARD, OF THE ESSEX
YEOMANRY, BRUSHING DOWN HEATHERSTONE.



MRS. W. M. CHARLESWORTH, OF THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTEER CORPS,
WITH HER GOLDEN RETRIEVERS.



COLONEL FREDERICK W. ROMILLY WEIGHING
FRENCH BULLDOG.

The Ladies' Kennel Association Show, at the Botanic Gardens, was notable this year for the remarkable amount of khaki seen at it. Further evidence of the stress of the Great War was the presence of a number of wounded soldiers from various London hospitals, who were entertained at tea.—Lord Wrottesley succeeded, as fourth Baron,

in 1910. He was born in September 1873.—Lady Kathleen Pilkington, daughter of the fourth Earl of Desart, sister of the present Peer, is the wife of Sir T. Milborne-Swinnerton-Pilkington, Bt.—Mrs. Charlesworth is with her golden retrievers, Noranby Camp Fire, Noranby Storm Bird, Noranby Banshee, and Noranby Saladin.

Photographs by Sport and General.

FUTURISM AND FLANNEL: "AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."



1. IN THE MIDST OF THE FUTURIST PICTURES HE SETS UP IN A COUNTRY HOUSE IN PLACE OF MORE USUAL WORKS: HYACINTH PETAVEL, THE SUPER-EGOIST OF "AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

The Hon. Hyacinth Petavel has but one anxiety, and that is to please himself. The ordinary people for the most part find him trying, especially when he is making excursions into the realms of Futurism and Eugenics. One of our photographs shows him among the Futurist pictures he sets up in the country house in place of canvases understood of the people. The other illustrates a revenge taken upon him for this and other things. By the removal of a boat, Hyacinth is marooned on an island during a picnic. With him is the fascinating Lady Sarel. This is fortunate

2. THE REVENGE: HYACINTH IS MAROONED WITH LADY SAREL AND WEARS HER FLANNEL PETTICOAT, AS HE FEELS THE COLD—LADY TREE AS LADY SAREL AND MR. H. B. IRVING AS HYACINTH.

for him, for when he feels the cold the lady generously drops her flannel petticoat and puts it on him. "An Angel in the House" is at the Savoy. It is a romantic farce by Eden Phillpotts and Macdonald Hastings. In the first photograph are seen (from left to right): Lady Tree as Lady Sarel; Miss Mary Glynne as Joan Bindloss; Mr. Langhorne Burton as Basil Malet; Mr. E. Holman Clark as Sir Rupert Bindloss; Mr. C. Walter Martin as Count Pietro Rossi; Miss Vera Coburn as Lallie Bindloss; and Mr. H. B. Irving as the Hon. Hyacinth Petavel.



THE VALUE OF OPTIMISM : DERISIVE BE-RIBBONMENT : TERRITORIAL PATRIOTISM.

Not with the Croakers.

Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee seems to me to have been exactly in the right tone—the tone which we want just now. It was a tonic. It was a brave speech from a man who is too big-hearted to remember his own personal disappointments at this time when every man who is worthy of the name of Briton is making some sacrifice for the good of his country. Very certainly Mr. Churchill is not with the croakers. His remarks on optimism were very much to the point. "All great commanders have always laboured to discourage pessimism by every means in their power," and under military law it is an offence to cause discouragement amongst his Majesty's forces—a fact that some of our chronic croakers in print would be wise to remember.

Mobilise.

And with Mr. Churchill I agree entirely on the subject of compulsory service for home defence and for the making of munitions, and in looking to our voluntary soldiers to fight for us abroad. If the pressure that is needed to make men throw up their civilian jobs to serve in the home defence corps is applied, hundreds of thousands of these men whose hearts are in the right place will, after having made the first step under compulsion, make the next step out of patriotism, and volunteer gladly to serve with one of our Expeditionary Forces.

The Slackers.

I do not believe that the real slackers would be of any use if they were sent into the trenches. It was said by a great General that in a British company of a hundred men—this was before the days of double companies—there were always five men who would charge into the mouth of hell just for the love of danger, and five men who would always hang back when they should be going forward; but that the other ninety would always follow wherever their officers led. I fancy that if the slackers were forced to risk their skins in Flanders or on the ridges of the Gallipoli Peninsula there would be more than five in a hundred who would find it necessary to tie up their bootlaces just at the moment when they should rush at an enemy's trench.

Work for the Slacker.

But there is plenty of work that can be found for the slacker forced into a uniform—work that would be likely to stimulate his desire to be a fighting-man. There are trenches to be dug, and to be kept in order after they have been dug; and if men in the home army who did not show a military spirit were drafted into corps whose duty under the Royal Engineers was to do these and other useful

but unexciting and rather dirty duties, the "slacker companies" would be laughed at by the Army—and, what would be more galling, by the girls.

"A Little Bit of String."

What social punishment should be meted out to the girls who keep their young men from enlisting, the women who are brave enough to say "Go" to brothers and sweethearts should devise. If the young man who prefers the fleshpots of London or of a country town to the biscuits and iron rations of the trenches is given a white feather by the girls who admire courageous men, there should be some similar derisive gift—"a little bit of string," perhaps—for the girl who keeps her young man at home when his ambition is to be in the trenches with his mates.

Recruiting Ribbons.

I should like to see every woman, gentle or simple, who has sent a man she loves—husband or brother, fiancé or son—out to fight for his country given a bunch of recruiting ribbons with a silver brooch with which to pin them to her hat. If any lady or group of ladies will take up this idea, I will be amongst the first of the subscribers to the fund that should be raised to meet the expense of the purchase of these things.

The Territorials.

No better proof could be found that the Briton, when a rifle is put into his hand, wants to cross the sea and kill his foe than the fine patriotism the Territorial regiments have shown in volunteering for active service. We all of us now hear of a Territorial regiment or a Territorial brigade being moved over to France, and take it as being all in the day's work of that force. But it is nothing of the sort. The Territorials are a voluntary army raised for home defence, and they can only be sent on active service if they volunteer for it. Of all the Birthday Honours, no one was better merited than the K.C.B. that was bestowed on General Bethune, under whose command the Territorial force, which two years ago seemed to most professional soldiers to be moribund, has shown extraordinary vitality and striking patriotism. When the history of the war is written in calmer times to come, and things take their correct perspective, the re-making of the Territorials into an army fit for and eager for expeditionary work in the time between the despatch of our first great force and the completion of the training of the new Regular Armies will be found to have had a great influence on the course of the war.



INDIAN POTENTATE AND SPANISH WIFE: THE MAHARAJAH AND MAHARANEE OF KAPURTHALA.

The Indian Rajah who is visiting England with the Rane, who was before her marriage Senorita Delgado, a Spanish beauty, is well known in London. His Highness Jagatjit Singh Bahadur, Maharajah, Raja-i-Rajgan of Kapurthala, rules over 652 square miles of territory in the Punjab, and owns an estate in Oudh of about the same area. The population of Kapurthala is about 314,000, and the Maharajah has about five hundred servants. One of his sons is fighting for the Empire in Flanders, and he has equipped three companies for the war. He is not quite forty-three.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

DISEUSE AND DOLLS: AIDES OF SUFFERERS BY THE WAR.

GIVER OF A WAR MATINÉE—IN MARIE ANTOINETTE DRESSES—AND ARRANGER OF A SALE OF DOLLS—
IN GAINSBOROUGH AND OTHER DRESSES: MME. YVETTE GUILBERT.

We have received the following letter from Mme. Yvette Guilbert, and have very much pleasure in publishing it: "DEAR SIR,—Thanks to the ever-generous Sir Herbert Tree, I shall be able to organise, on July 1, at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, a matinée, the profits of which are to be divided among the British and French Red Cross Societies in London and L'Union Fraternelle des Artistes (fund for destitute French dramatic artists). Six prominent Parisian artists, Mmes. Charny and Lubin, of the Opéra, and Mmes. Cesbron and Heilbronner, of the Opéra Comique, also Mmes. Bergé and Terka Lyon, will join me in offering to the London public a unique and most interesting programme. We shall profit by our presence in London to augment

our charity funds by an exhibition of sixty dolls, magnificently dressed by our famous and most *sprituelle* dressmaker in Paris, Mme. Margaine Lacroix. These dolls — among them reproductions of Gainsborough's paintings of Mrs. Siddons and Miss Havrefield — will be sold at a public auction to be arranged by myself and my fellow-artists. Will you kindly help us to achieve, for the benefit of charity a splendid result? You can do so by publishing this letter and reproducing in your paper—the hospitality of which I have so often and so gratefully enjoyed—the enclosed photographs of some of the dolls.—With kindest regards, Yours very sincerely, YVETTE GUILBERT."—[Photographs by Beager and Ellis.]



LADY LECONFIELD, whose picture-gallery at Petworth is turned into a soldiers' bedroom and whose great garden is a training-ground, has been doing pictures and flowers in London. She was at last week's Horticultural Show, looking taller than ever in a crowd of stooping clerics and flowering bushes. The Horticultural Show is common ground for all sorts and conditions of people. Enthusiasts from Norfolk, with the county mud on their honest gardening-boots, are there; and so, too, is the patent-leather innocent of everything but a fleck of unproductive Bond Street dust. The Countess of Dysart was an industrious viewer, and the Speaker and Mrs. Lowther chose birthday presents for each other out of the abundance of blossoms.

Church Parade. Lord Reading was walking in the Park on Sunday, top-hatted and very quick and clever with recognitions. "The only handsome man out of uniform," decreed a feminine observer (her companion being in khaki) to whom the L.C.J. had bowed in passing. The Ancestor, otherwise Lord Ribblesdale, was not in sight to put her in the wrong, though Hyde Park is a favourite haunt of his. He is fond of it, as of all London aspects and occasions—except balls! At the last he gave he said it recalled a crowded scene out of Dante—not from the "Paradiso" or "Purgatorio," but from a more powerful section of the "Divine Comedy."

Why? Lord Ribblesdale has decided views on the Park statues, which are again under discussion. The Achilles, by common consent the dullest of them, is tolerated as an old friend, but the erection of new celebrities in stone is unanimously disapproved, even by celebrities! "Better," wrote the ancient wittily, "that they should say of you: 'Why has that man no statue?' than that they should ask: 'Why has he a statue?'"

"Second to—the Guards."

The 98th Infantry Brigade—originally the "University and Public Schools Corps" or, for short, the "Ups"—seem to have had no further use for Epsom on the abandonment of the Derby, and the inhabitants of the Surrey town have suffered a double deprivation: their summer race meeting, and the men who, if they haven't filled local hearts with joy, have certainly put money in local pockets. The Brigade now finds itself "somewhere in the north"—and not in a spot much to its liking, except in so far as it places many of the rank and file nearer to their homes. Officers, however, prefer to be in touch with London, and such a man-about-town as Lieutenant-Colonel John Stuart-Wortley, who commands the crack battalion of the Brigade, the 21st Royal Fusiliers, must feel the

removal. The Colonel—who, by the way, served in South Africa, and married one of Sir Lionel Phillips's daughters—has trained his men on the Guards pattern, and had for his first Adjutant that smart young Coldstreamer Sir Robert Walker, who, when the casualty rate in the Household Brigade rose so high, had to leave his new work for the front. Another officer who has helped to make the battalion the smartest in "Kitchener's Army" is Captain Hart-Davis, husband of the beautiful cousin of the Duchess of Fife.



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: MRS. GERARD ARTHUR O'CALLAGHAN. Well known in Irish sporting circles as a clever and plucky rider, winner of many jumping competitions, Miss Joan Mary Grubb, of Castle Grace, Clogheen, was only married to Captain Gerard O'Callaghan, Royal Irish Regiment, in October last, and the portrait we give was taken specially at his request in May. On the 25th of the same month Captain O'Callaghan was killed by poisonous gas in France, and Mrs. O'Callaghan has received countless expressions of sympathy. Captain O'Callaghan was the only son of Major-General Sir Desmond and the late Lady O'Callaghan.—[Photo. by News Pictures.]

The Marriage Market.

The Hon. Alethea Gardner and Mr. Geoffrey Fry have elected to go to Smithfield for their wedding on the 30th. St. Bartholomew's, one of the oldest churches in London, is the attraction. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that it is the most becoming of all churches. If only because young brides look so beautiful against its cool old walls, it should have, and is having, a special vogue. Every year the number of its smart weddings increases—or rather, the number of those that would be called smart if they were not in Smithfield.

Appointments.

Lord Acton, a man of style and an ideal Gentleman-in-Waiting, gives place to Lord Valentia, equally qualified for the post. Lord Newton, whose wit has often disturbed the sleepy Lords, takes on the amiable duties of Paymaster. He, as it happens, has his own little Buckingham Palace in Wiltshire, where the façade of Lyme Hall is very reminiscent of the King's London home. The likeness, however, goes no further; interiorly, Lord Newton has the advantage. Behind the façade is a delightful Elizabethan dwelling.

The New Special. The Queen's enjoyment of Mr. George Robey's impersonation of an editress was obvious to all the house—and to Mr. Robey. It stirred his patriotism, and he was enrolled in the Special Constabulary while

her Majesty's laugh was still in his ears to remind him that he was a royal comedian. The question that perturbs Mr. Robey in his new rôle is the scope of a "Special's" duty as a censor.

The Reprisal Officers.

Lord Garlies' people were more than pleased with the change of the Government's policy in regard to submarine prisoners in so far as it affects the conditions of English officers in Germany. It is obviously unreasonable that a little body of carefully selected Englishmen—the men most liable to feel the hardship of reprisals—should be the sufferers, and to no purpose.

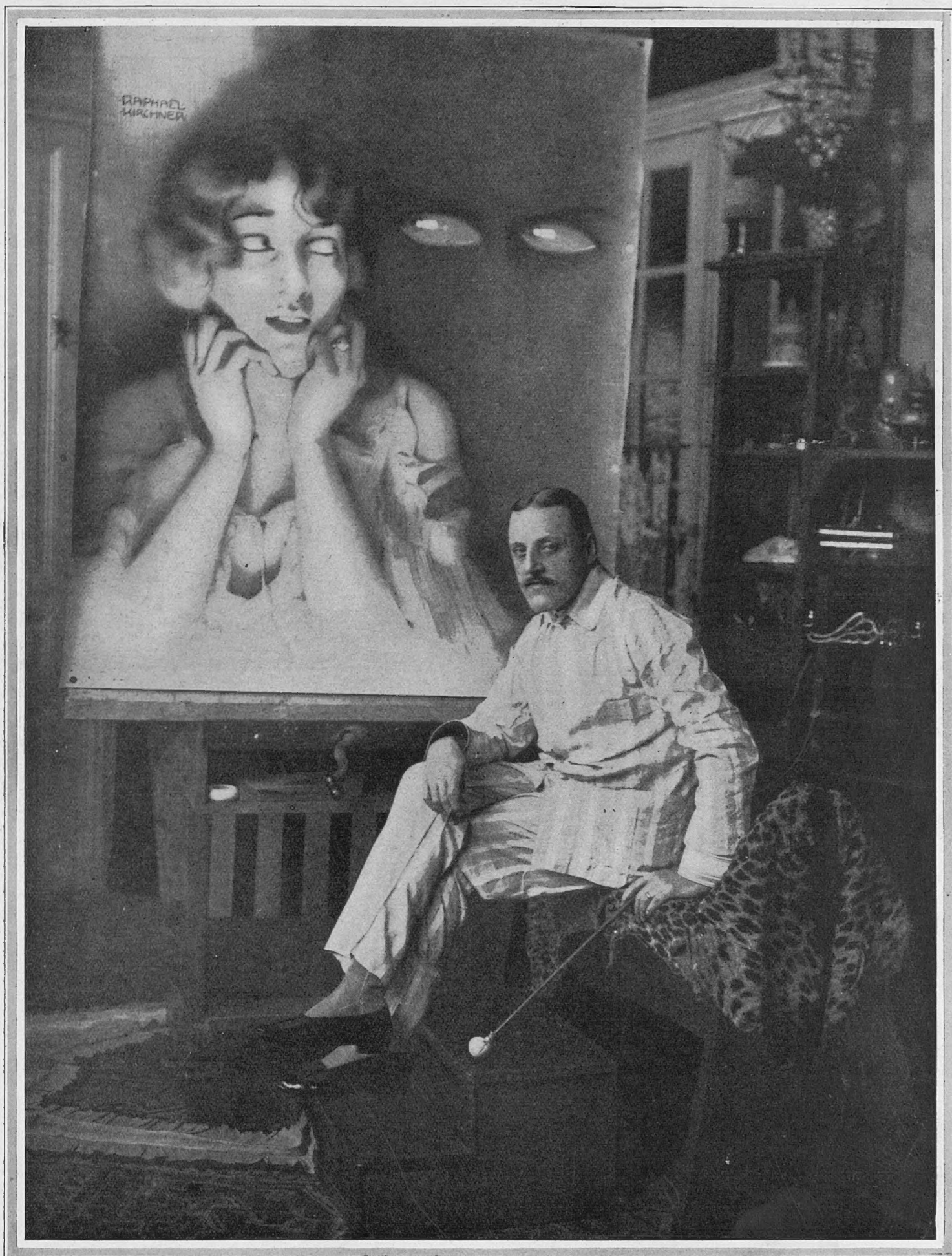
Mr. Balfour, who announced the change, had no relatives to put in the way of release, but he had several friends who were earnest in their desire that something should be done; and "A. J. B." was delighted to do it.



DANCING FOR A HOSPITAL: A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

A number of pretty Society children danced before a notable gathering of people at the party the other day, given at the Savoy, in aid of the Waterloo Hospital, under the patronage of H.S.H. Princess Alexander of Teck.—[Photograph by Swaine.]

PAINTER OF "A DUCK'S EGG!" · A WORLD-FAMOUS ARTIST.



PORTRAYER-IN-CHIEF OF FAIR FEMININITY: MR. RAPHAËL KIRCHNER.

Mr. Raphaël Kirchner's name is, by this time, exceedingly familiar to "Sketch" readers, who remember him particularly by his painting "A Duck's Egg!" which was reproduced in our paper not long ago and aroused enormous interest, especially

among the officers of our fighting forces. Further examples of Mr. Kirchner's delicate work appear in this Number; and numerous others will be reproduced in the "Sketch" in future, as we have arranged for the exclusive use in the "Sketch" of his paintings.

THE TWO-TAXIS; OR, WALK-TO-THE-THEATRE!



WEARING A HEAD-DRESS NOT DESIGNED FOR RAPID TRANSIT! Mlle. GABY DESLYS IN "5064 GERRARD,"
AT THE ALHAMBRA.

The one-and-only Gaby Deslys is now in "5064 Gerrard,"; likewise, in remarkable costumes, and in still more extraordinary coiffures. What she would do if she had to

wear these in any private or public vehicle she alone knows; certainly there would not be room for Gaby and head-dress together in any one taxi! She would have to

Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch" by Wrath and Buys.

[Continued opposite.

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A PRE-WAR DÉBUTANTE: LORD GLENCONNER'S DAUGHTER.



A FAVOURITE IN SOCIETY: THE HON. CLARISSA TENNANT.

Very pretty, and a great favourite in Society, the Hon. Clarissa Madeline Georgiana Felicité Tennant, who was born in 1896, was one of the débutantes who made their curtsy to their Majesties during the Season of 1914—a Season that will be memorable as the last which London knew before the Great War. Miss Tennant is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Glenconner, and a niece of the Right Hon. Harold

Tennant, P.C., who was for some years Private Secretary to Mr. Asquith, who, it will be remembered, married, in 1894, as his second wife, Miss E. A. M. Tennant, a sister of Lord Glenconner. Miss Clarissa Tennant's eldest brother, the Hon. Edward Wyndham Tennant, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and is with his regiment at the front.—[Photograph by Sarony.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

LADY HEADFORT, with Mr. Bouchier in attendance, was at the "Marie-Odile" first-night, and though somebody (not Mr. Bouchier) reports she cried and laughed with every turn of the drama, she managed all the same to look very pretty and elegant and finished to the less intimate observer. One doubts those tales of tears in the theatre much as one doubts the House of Commons reporter who sees a Minister turn pale under the stress of a political crisis. The descriptive writer, if the truth be told, is generally out of range of those interesting minutiae. To be able to see a sympathetic moisture on Lady Headfort's cheek, or a change in Mr. Asquith's complexion, is like being able to read the last line on the eye-test board at the recruiting-station. It hardly ever happens.

Well Earned. Talking of the eye-test, there is one young man who got through that final line, and under exceptional difficulties. A friend of his had been through the same examiner's hands, and, being a man with a quick memory, had noted the order of all the letters on the board. This, in due course, the candidate in question learned by heart, with the help of a sentence into which the letters were incorporated. "I think I can read that last line without troubling about the others," he ventured. "Then read it backwards," said the examiner. With an effort he did so, and earned his commission.



TO MARRY LIEUTENANT H. W. RAWSON: MISS MILDRED PALEY. The engagement is announced of Miss Mildred Paley, Granville Lodge, Henley-on-Thames, to Lieutenant H. W. Rawson, of the 16th (Service) Battalion, Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment). Photograph by Keturah Collings.

the sad remnant of a great ship's company. Did the tragedy he witnessed change his sense of values? Not at all. At the Sydney Sale last week he gave six thousand six hundred guineas—a record price—for Mme. Vigée le Brun's portrait of herself, a pretty thing but, for a portrait, flippant. And the under-bidder, curiously enough, was a gentleman from Paris, also with war experiences.

A Bubble Reputation.

Famous in London and New York for his dinners, about which he is usually lavish to the point of freakishness, Mr. Kessler finds the year a restricted one for the ingenious host. Meals are no longer the events of the day. The restaurants are crowded, but with people who come to feed rather than to be amused. Officers on leave are generally in a hurry; they may have a couple of theatres and a relative to visit in one evening, and it follows that coffee at the Savoy is not as long-drawn-out as it used to be. But Mr. Kessler is not downhearted. He has taken kindly to the grill-room habit, and manages to be extravagant over pictures instead of over liqueurs.

At the Carlton.

The grill-room habit, by the way, is not without its points. It brings together a varied and interesting company. Even Mr. Kipling, who used generally to lunch quietly in his corner at Brown's Hotel, is



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS ELINOR SCOTT—CAPTAIN MONTAGUE I. M. CAMPBELL.

Miss Elinor Scott is the younger daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. J. Scott, D.S.O., late 18th Hussars, of Park House, Snitterfield, Stratford-on-Avon. Captain Montague Irving Mitchell Campbell, Connaught Rangers, is the younger son of Mr. Robert Mitchell Campbell, of Auchmannoch, Ayrshire, and 3, Clifton Gardens, Folkestone.—[Photographs by Swaine.]



AN INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT: MISS FARRER—MR. MELVILLE FOSTER.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Anson Farrer, only daughter of Mr. M. G. Farrer, The Priory, Kemerton, Gloucester, and niece of Mr. J. A. Farrer, Ingleborough House, Yorkshire, to Mr. W. Melville Foster, barrister-at-law, and of the War Office, and formerly Governor's Private Secretary in Jamaica.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

Nun! Such! The Manners girls and the Tree girls (as they are still called, despite matrimony and a baby

or two) were together at the first-night at His Majesty's. The Duchess of Rutland also was there, and so were Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Townshend, in mourning, Lady Lister-Kaye, and, of course, Sir Ernest Cassel (the inevitable first-nighter). Perhaps the least indulgent critics were the men and women who have lately seen real nuns at work in France. Nobody, for instance, could accuse Sir F. E. Smith of weeping over Mr. Knoblauch's very imaginary Marie-Odile.

Two Bidders. Again the query: What difference does the war make to a man's habits and hobbies? Very little, says Mr. Kessler. Blown up in the *Lusitania* and left in the water for two or three hours before being picked up, he came on to London with

attracted by the mixture of khaki and flounces that crowds to the Carlton in the middle of the day. If he still needed "copy," he could find enough for a book in a single luncheon-hour. Not far from him the other day sat Mr. Kessler, blown up in the *Lusitania*, and a little way off was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, blown up in the *Majestic*. Hardly less interesting was Miss Marie Löhr, who had just come through a somewhat hazardous first-night at His Majesty's.

Then and Now. "Why, the fellow's a sponge," protested a rather inarticulate officer at whose mess, in old days, Kipling had dined. It appeared to him that the virtue of "Many Inventions" and "Plain Tales from the Hills" was absorbed—from regimental table-talk! And Kipling, it is true, was at the time very little of a conversationalist. Now it is officers who want to listen.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING IN EGYPT: CAPTAIN AND MRS. OPPENHEIM (FORMERLY LADY GIROUARD).

Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the Garrison Church, Abbasiyeh, Cairo, after the recent wedding of Captain R. W. Oppenheim, 4th Dragoon Guards, Adjutant Westminster Dragoons, and Lady Girouard. The officer on the left in foreground is Major Lord Howard de Walden, Westminster Dragoons.

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German Breaches of the Hague Convention.

I.—THE GERMANS USE BUTTON - MAGNETS !

A new method of German frighfulness is reported, in the shape of button-magnets, designed to render our troops uncomfortable before an attack in force.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE RAPE OF THE DEAD-LOCK.



"But why is Norma in such a state of distress?"

"Oh, Charlie has written home from the front for a lock of the beautiful hair he remembers so well, and she can't think what the colour was!"

DRAWN BY MAB TREBY.

"RANK" FAVOURITISM.



BROTHER TOM: Aren't you ashamed to be playing with soldiers at your age?
SISTER SUSIE: No, 'cause I only play with the officers now!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

" FOLLOWING HIM ROUND"—NOT IN LEICESTER SQUARE:



"HE DOESN'T SEEM TO LIKE ME AS MUCH AS MY AUDIENCES DO, SOMEHOW": GODFATHER AND GODSON.



"QUITE THE ENGLISH COUNTRY SQUIRE, WHAT? I LIKE FOLLOWING HIM ROUND!"



"FLORA AND PRINCE 'SHOW ME HOW TO DO' THE SPANIEL SPIN AND THE COLLIE 'WOBBLE'."



"GIVE ME A COTTAGE IN THE VALE" (NOT MAIDA VALE) WHERE I MAY TEND MY FLOWERS."

COYNE OF THE—EMPIRE: SOME INTERESTING "DISCOVERIES" MADE

We are here privileged to present Mr. Joseph Coyne, the famous American comedian, who has now for some years been (shall we say?) naturalised in this country, in some unrehearsed situations which are not to be found among the scenes of "Watch Your Step" at the Empire. In that popular revue Mr. Coyne takes the part of one Joseph Lilyburn. His songs include: "They Always Follow Me Round," "The Dancing Teacher," and, with Miss Ethel Levey, "Discoveries" and "Show Me How To Do the Fox Trot." He also takes part in "The Syncopated Walk," with Miss Levey and others, and in "Let's Go Around the

A "SKETCH" ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH JOSEPH COYNE.



THE "SKETCH" IS SO SOOTHING TO WAR-NERVES THAT, OF COURSE AFTER A THOROUGH PERUSAL——"



"MAKING A BETTER IMPRESSION IN THIS SCENE, AREN'T I?"



"I'M REALLY A VERY RUSTIC TYPE OF PERSON. ALL THE ANIMALS LIKE ME."



"I'M THE COYNE THAT MAKES THE LILYBURN—AT PRESENT BUSY AMONG THE GERANIUMS."

DURING A "SYNCOATED WALK" ROUND A FAMOUS REVUER'S HOME.

Town," with Mr. George Graves and others. We may add that the baby who appears in our Photographs Nos. 1 and 4 is Mr. Coyne's six-weeks-old godson, Master Robert Joseph Vernon, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Vernon. Mr. Harry Vernon is the author of "Mr. Wu," and has lately written a new play for Sir Herbert Tree. Mr. Coyne, as our photographs show, has developed into quite the English country gentleman. He is obviously fond of animals (including his pet dogs, Flora and Prince), and they seem to appreciate him as much as do his London audiences, which is saying a great deal.—[Photographs by Wither and Buys.]

A "RATIONAL" COMPLAINT.



THE WEARY PARENT: Feed 'em all day? Yes. Feed 'em all night? Certainly *not*! What do they take me for—
a bloomin' Army Service Corps?

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

The Thrill of the Frill.

With the summer a young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of things fluffy and frilly. With the first taste of "flaming" June has come a sudden rush of revolution in dress, and the compromises suitable to the treacherous British spring have been shouldered out



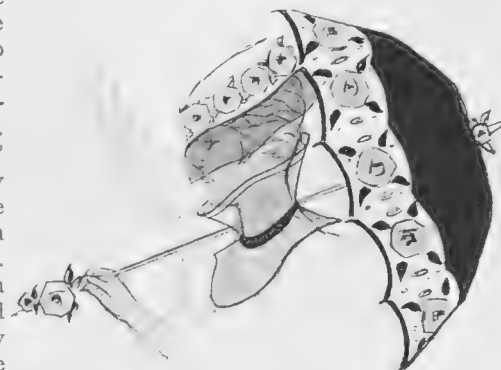
"With the summer gown comes its faithful attendant the parasol. It is flat; it is dumpy; it may be as deep as a box-kite or as flat as a Japanese umbrella."

this bursting out of new life. The Puritans may rail; but certainly officers from the front, who like to see their women look well, are the last to complain of the prevailing cheerfulness of the summer styles. Dolores has sketched a charming example on this page, which shows how the eternal feminine feeling for frills, until lately so rigorously suppressed, has reasserted itself with startling vigour. Incidentally, the reversion to frills is another trial to those unfortunates who incline to what is euphemistically called a full habit. How to be fashionable and fat without being fatuous is a desperate problem in the new conditions. Plenty of gathers are bad enough, but with frills superadded the dilemma is indeed formidable. That is the one kind of figure on which the dictators of fashion have no mercy.

The Parasol Problem.

With the summer gown comes its faithful attendant the parasol. This year it is a veritable Proteus. Its colours are legion; its shapes would tax the powers of a super-Euclid to describe. It is round; it is square; it is rhomboidal; it would be dodecahedronal if it knew what that was. It is flat; it is dumpy; it may be as deep as a box-kite or as flat as a Japanese umbrella. Sometimes it looks like a pagoda, sometimes like a derelict balloon. Yet, for all its eccentricities, it has a certain simplicity that distinguishes it from its predecessors of a year ago. Perhaps it is the influence of the war, perhaps only a natural reaction, but the expensive toys of real lace and hand-painted chiffon which did as sunshades twelve months ago are for the time eclipsed by an altogether plainer article, which depends for its effect on some quaint conceit rather than on sheer richness of decoration. Quite the newest comer in this line is the sunshade of black velvet. It is flat, with a chic severity of outline that reminds one of those umbrellas one sees in the cherry-gardens

of Tokyo on a spring holiday. The ribs and points are gilt or silver, but there is no ornament to temper the strong simplicity of line. This may sound funereal, but in reality the sombre richness of the thing is very fascinating, and accords better than might be expected with billowing frills and filmy laces. It certainly lends, too, a rare distinction to a simple muslin gown. There are plenty of other styles to choose from. The three-decker, for instance, arrests by its bizarre shape. There is a "quadrilateral" which may be tastefully decorated with huge chintz flowers appliqué on a background of pale silk. There are the Italian "umbrellas," pink and blue and green, with gaily striped borders; and the "seascape" pattern, so to speak, of daring originality. A draping of blue gauze suggests the summer waves, and a flock of Futurist gulls gives life to the billowy deep. Again, there is the piebald sunshade, recalling the audacious colour-schemes of the Plantagenets, when men went about with one leg blue and one yellow. It has different colours for every division of the cover, and the effect is cheerful, to say the least. These by no means exhaust the list of possibilities. The border of roses illustrated on this page is one of the neatest and most artistic of the less challenging designs. Many sunshades rejoice in a band of ostrich trimming. Finally, there is an oddity in the shape of a revival of the "surprise" parasol in vogue in the early nineteenth century. A joint in the stick makes it look as if it were broken. Those who like the freakish will like it very much.



The Parasol Problem.—"Its colours are legion; its shapes would tax the powers of a super-Euclid to describe. The border of roses illustrated above is one of the neatest and most artistic of the less challenging designs."



"Dolores sketches a charming example which shows how the eternal feminine feeling for frills, until lately so rigorously suppressed, has reasserted itself with startling vigour."

Wear for the Neck.

The neck was left to take care of itself last year, and the masseuse made fortunes out of those not too well qualified by Nature to face an almost Restoration frankness of display. This summer we revert to an almost Elizabethan stiffness of neckwear. There is, indeed, not a little affinity between the latest vagary of fashion and those "piccadillies" by which one Higgins, living hard by that famous thoroughfare, made fame and fortune under the Virgin Queen. A good many modern women, however, simply will not tolerate a gorget that interferes with the joy of free movement, and reject unhesitatingly the confining collar, whether it be of softest muslin or starched lawn. For these there are plenty of compromises which, while providing a becoming support for the neck and head, leave the throat perfectly free. The soft, double, three-quarter collar, with its cravat-like ends of black moiré ribbon and turn-over of finely kilted net, is probably first favourite. Another pretty idea is expressed in white lawn finely goffered, descending from a height of about four inches at the back to a bare inch in front, with, of course the inevitable black ribbon; while between it and the turn-down collar of plain white lawn lies a whole range of style too wide for detailed description.



A Novel in a Nutshell

THE RUMOUR.

By WILLIAM FREEMAN.

"LADY TIMPERLEY to see you, m'Lord," said Mrs. Foster. You never know your luck. It was a top-hole afternoon, and I was practically in the act of starting out in the old Daimler. Also, I'd sooner have met a life-insurance agent than Aunt Ursula. But there was no sense in being stuffy about it. She sailed into the drawing-room and shook hands flabbily.

"The gardens struck me as looking rather unkempt, Henry. Nor do I approve of the rubbish-heaps at the back of the plantation. But, as your Cousin Charlotte was telling me that you have only an odd-man, a housekeeper, and a couple of young maids——"

"One must practise economy," I pleaded.

"One should not permit the necessity for practising economy," said Aunt Ursula firmly. "How is the shoulder?"

"My medical expert appears to think I'll be able to use it in a fortnight, but there are still one or two chips of German shell to be dealt with. Let me get you some tea?"

"That's quite dear of you, Henry—one can talk so much more cosily over the tea-cups."

A series of small chills chased themselves up and down my spine. I rang the bell.

"Any news of importance?"

"Merely a rumour that I heard from Jane Battling." She laughed one of her high-pitched laughs. "And that, of course, you knew before she did."

Jane Battling is acquainted with most people within the Metropolitan radius, and a good many outside it. She goes from house to house collecting news like a sort of upper-class rag-and-bone man.

I shook my head.

"But *what* I want to know," said Aunt Ursula, disregarding me, "is whether it's true."

"Is what true?"

"That, my dear Henry, you contemplate asking Kitty Whympier to marry you?"

It was at this point that Mrs. Foster came in with the tray.

"Why not?" I said. "Sugar, but no milk, isn't it?"

"Thank you. . . . There are fifty reasons against it, and every one of them good. For one thing, she's no money, and," added Aunt Ursula, with a touch of plagiarism unworthy of her, "it's money you need."

"I've enough to rub along with."

"Seven hundred a year—or is it eight? My dear boy, it would be the sheerest lunacy!"

"And the other forty-nine reasons?"

"Her age——"

"Thirty-two isn't precisely antediluvian. I'm thirty-five myself in a day or so."

"She's never learnt to dress decently."

"On nothing a year? How many of us could?"

"Plenty," snapped Aunt Ursula. "And considering the chances you must have had——"

Mrs. Foster appeared again.

"Mr. Charles Lothbury, m'Lord. He says that the matter is urgent, but that he will not detain you more than a minute."

Charles is my brainy younger brother. As an architect he is doing quite well. The family expects great things of Charles.

"I am in no hurry," said Aunt Ursula. "If I may have a few illustrated papers——"

We all have our little eccentricities. Aunt Ursula has about fifteen thousand a year, but an occasional penny at the bookstalls is the utmost she can bring herself to spend on literature. More than once she has been tracked to the magazine department of the local free library. I found her some papers, and went out into the hall to interview Charles.

"Am I interruptin'?" he inquired.

"Only Aunt Ursula. She'll be quite happy for the next half-hour. Come into the smoking-room. Anything wrong?"

"I'd my usual shockin' luck at Newmarket. But that's beside the point. I really came to inquire if you'd heard the piffle that's going round about you an' Kitty Whympier?"

"Meaning——?"

"Same old story of propinquity and a pink-an'-white complexion. Matrimony, paragraph in the *Post*, fortnight at Brighton—and forty years to think it over on the income of a clerk in the Civil Service!"

"You've a genius for putting the case in a nutshell. Yes, I've heard the piffle."

"Of course you'll contradict it?"

"Is it worth contradiction?"

He gripped my arm in sheer horror. "My poor Henry!"

"Or confirmation? People will talk."

"In this case it was Jane Battling who talked." He became less anguished, more judicial. "Not that I've anything against Kitty myself. Her dancing's a thing to rave about. Even the fact that she jilted young Mitney——"

"Twelve years ago last April, wasn't it?"

"What a head you've got for figures!"

"My dear Charles, I can't remember the amount of my own overdraft from one day to the next. It's merely that Miss Whympier happened to mention the matter. She and Mitney were engaged three weeks, and he married Mamie Van Raalte, the American heiress, the following summer."

"That so?" Charles lit a cigar. "Talking of American heiresses, I suppose you've met Miss Schwartzheim?"

"Yes, at Aunt Ursula's. I learnt that her poppa owned two towns, twenty steam-ships, and half a railway system, and that he was just crazy to shake hands with King George. A frank and ingenuous soul, with a most appalling accent."

"And the Sneyd girl, who's just left Newnham?"

"Also at Aunt Ursula's. I'm afraid she found me disappointing. We talked, I remember, of Kipling, Co-partnership, the Abuse of Alcohol, Michael Angelo, and poultry-rearing, with a dash of Eugenics thrown in. I was a duffer at them all, and she did not conceal her scorn."

"And old Sneyd used to have kippers for breakfast, and dropped his aitches to his dying day. But he left nearly two million—more than enough to set this crazy old warren in order, and build a decent garage, and get rid of that foxy-faced brute who told me he was a surveyor but who looked like a broker's man, whom I met at the back of the plantation. Think it over, Henry."

The bell pealed again. Mrs. Foster was apparently suffering from one of her convenient fits of deafness. We went out into the hall. Through the half-open drawing-room door we had a glimpse of Aunt Ursula. She was leaning back in her chair, a magazine on her lap. Her mouth was open, and she was snoring—not loudly, but with a faint, whistling sound that was almost pathetic. I wondered if old Timperley ever saw her like that before they were married, or whether the habit was acquired later.

"Fact is," said Charles, "I'm *de trop*."

"Not a bit of it. Go out and tell me what you think of that settlement in the east wall, and we'll finish our talk later."

"Righto!" he said, and drifted out through the French windows, just as Mrs. Foster emerged from the kitchen quarters to open the door.

The newcomer was Cousin Charlotte.

"Dear Henry," she purred, "if I might have ten minutes' conversation with you, of a private nature——"

"Come into the library," I said, and steered her there.

"Books?" said Cousin Charlotte archly, as though she had expected to find the room full of machinery, or chemicals, or baby-linen. "What a wonderful index to the character they form! I so well remember the number of volumes on dyspepsia and palmistry we found in the library of my dear husband after his death, and how shockingly little the dealers gave for them at the sale. But I came to speak about another matter. There is a rumour abroad——"

"So long as it isn't on British soil——"

"Nothing more, but still a rumour—that you are contemplating marriage. Marriage, as you may have reflected, is the most serious step in a young man's career. One's life-partner cannot be too carefully chosen. In this case——"

"You're speaking of Miss Whympier?"

Cousin Charlotte plunged in her chair.

"Then it's true?" Her voice was an agonised squeak.

"That there's a rumour toddling around? I believe so. Two other people have told me so."

"My poor boy!"

"Poverty is my portion," I agreed.

"It's my conviction," said Cousin Charlotte, leaning forward with a tense face, "that you've been trapped. Trapped, Henry! The hussy is practically penniless."

"There are worse crimes."

"Her complexion is artificial——"

"Sure?"

"At any rate, she carries a vanity-bag. Her temperament is flighty—remember poor Mr. Mitney. If," said Cousin Charlotte, dropping her voice, "you should marry and have children, what sort of mother will she make? I speak feelingly, having your welfare at heart."

(Continued—overleaf.)

"Thanks!" I said, gulping. It was really quite the rottenest interview of the three. Cousin Charlotte meant so well, but her conversation always made me feel that I needed a Turkish bath afterwards—clogged the system, so to speak. "I'm no end grateful for all the trouble you've taken."

She put a podgy hand on my arm.

"Then let me feel it has not been in vain. There are so many nice—*really* nice girls who——"

"Trl-l-l-l-l!" went the front-door bell.

"I must be going," said Cousin Charlotte reluctantly.

"Don't. Stay and have some tea with Aunt Ursula. And Charles—he was in the garden a minute ago."

Mrs. Foster made her fourth entrance.

"Mr. James Lemann, of Messrs. Lemann and Critchett, to see you, m'Lord."

"Dear me, the family solicitors," said Cousin Charlotte. "I will wait, then. In the society of your books——"

I left her, shook hands with old Lemann, and steered him into the smoking-room. He's the only family lawyer I've met who really looks the part. His first act, as usual, was to pull a wad of papers out of his pocket. Some business men are born that way.

"Here," he rasped, "is the lease of Hill Farm. It expires in a week. I gather that the tenant would renew, at a higher rent, if you would agree to have certain unsightly heaps of rubble removed which at present obstruct his view. I also gather that you decline to remove them."

"That is so," I said.

"It will involve a net loss of three hundred a year. The step strikes me as unbusinesslike in the extreme. However——"

"Yes?"

He gathered up the papers again.

"I heard this morning a fantastic rumour, emanating from a Miss Battling, who happens to be a client of ours. Miss Battling, speaking with apparent authority——"

"That," I said, "is a habit of Miss Battling's."

"Gave me to understand that there was every possibility of an engagement between yourself and a certain Miss Whymper, the daughter of old Whymper, who died practically bankrupt three years ago."

"Yes?"

"You are, of course, aware that he made his money during the rubber boom, after beginning life as a stable-boy, that he was involved in various shady transactions, and that the daughter has barely a hundred a year of her own?"

"To be exact, a hundred and twenty from gas shares and the ground-rents of three villas at Walham Green."

"H'm! The rumour is doubtless absurd?"

"All rumours are. It's only when they materialise into facts that one can't afford to laugh at them."

"Your Lordship relieves me. An alliance with a lady of some fortune——"

"My dear Mr. Lemann," I said, "I quite agree. The arrangement would be ideal. For the present, there's the rumour to be dealt with. If you don't mind waiting in the library——"

I left him there with Cousin Charlotte, and went into the drawing-room. Aunt Ursula made a grab at the magazine, and sat up with a jerk.

"In another moment, Henry, I should have fallen asleep!"

"Lucky escape, Aunt! I came to tell you that old Lemann is in the library, with Cousin Charlotte, and that they're waiting there for you to make up a sort of impromptu family council."

"But you'll need four to form a quorum—what?" said Charles, from the French windows. He hates being out of things. "I say, you'll have that east wall down altogether if you leave it much longer."

I shepherded the pair of them into the library.

"Now about this rumour," I said. "It's a thing that must be tracked, scotched, annihilated. Very good. You're all going back to Town, I take it. Wait here for another ten minutes, and I'll run you up to the station in the car in time to catch the 5.45."

"I see no objection," said old Lemann stiffly.

"Motion carried, *nem. con.*," said Charles, from the fireplace.

I'd an impression that they were all glad of a chance to talk things over.

I put on my hat and went through the gardens to the park and across to the fence at the back of the old lodge.

"Coo-ee!" I called.

Kitty Whymper was attending to some plants—hollyhocks, I think they were—at the far end. She turned, and came forward. She was wearing a shabby grey skirt, a white blouse with yellow roses on it, and gauntlets. She looked fagged and pale—weather, I suppose.

"That you?" she called. "Many thanks for the cuttings the boy brought yesterday." She came up to the fence, an empty watering-can in her hand.

"I want just five minutes' plain and business-like talk with you," I said.

She looked interested.

"It's about ourselves. In a sentence, no fewer than four people have come to me this afternoon to ask me if I've heard of a certain rumour——"

"The four people being Lady Timperley, your brother Charles, a man who looked like a family solicitor, and a lady in an emerald-green hat that didn't really suit her, whom I don't know."

"True. But how——"

"And the rumour was about me, and it worried them. How do I know? Because of the intent and scornful glance each of them gave at the house as he or she passed—I happened to be putting up clean curtains at the spare-room windows at the time."

"And Scotland Yard will never know what it's lost! . . . If we hadn't known one another for some considerable time, I might have found the next sentence rather difficult. I'll assume that you know the rumour——"

"Yes," said Kitty encouragingly. She did not even blush.

"Have you any idea as to who started Miss Battling on that particular warpath?"

"I did," said Kitty. Her calmness was incredible.

"Why?"

"Need I explain?"

"Since you've gone so far, of course."

"We've been rather—rather chums lately. And I wanted you to realise my complete ineligibility, and I couldn't think of any better way of doing it. That's all. There's no one like an aunt or a cousin for giving advice——"

"Unless it's a younger brother or the family solicitor."

"And I knew they'd hear, and the advice they'd give. . . . Isn't the aubretia looking gorgeous?"

"Gorgeous isn't the word for it!"

"And the wallflowers. . . . I suppose you're furious——"

"No. Only you've churned up things. Or, if you prefer it, you've jolted them out of focus. You see, I shall be going back to Belgium at the end of the month."

She shook the last drops of water from the can.

"There'll be heaps of time to dispose of the rumour before then," she said confidently.

"In which case, I'd probably come back to find you engaged or married to someone else."

"Me!" Her laugh was gay and scornful. "A dowdy, penniless female of nearly thirty-three!"

"I can't ignore the possibility, anyway. And I don't like it; in fact," I said, "I can't bear it."

She didn't answer.

There's a gate in the fence opening into the park—I'd had it put there during the previous summer for old Mrs. Whymper's benefit. I unlatched it, and walked up the pathway on the other side of the fence.

"We needn't bother about a special license," I said, "or, for that matter, a license at all. A flying visit to the registrar's—unless you'd really prefer orange-blossom and 'The Voice that Breathed'——"

"I—I think you must be mad," said Kitty faintly.

"Quite mad. It's in the family. I'd a grand-uncle who used to grow mustard-and-cess on the stable-roof. But——"

"What right have you to imagine——"

"None at all," I said.

"You might at any rate let me finish the sentence."

"Not until you've said 'Yes,'" I said firmly.

Kitty, however, remained unconventional. She said nothing at all. So I simply took her in my arms.

Twenty minutes later I went back to the library.

"You and your ten minutes!" grumbled Charles. "It's nearly six."

"Sorry. But there's another train—a faster one—at twenty past. You'll have heaps of time for that."

"What have you been doing?" demanded Aunt Ursula.

"Killing the rumour," I said, "and attending its funeral."

"There's a white patch on your shoulder," said Cousin Charlotte sharply.

"*Poudre-de-riz*, I expect. Or possibly fuller's-earth. She told me she'd put some on her nose, because of the sun."

"Upon my word!" gasped Aunt Ursula.

There was a pause. Then old Lemann got up and gripped his hat savagely.

"I have wasted an entire afternoon," he snorted. "I might have known!"

I shook my head.

"No one could have known. But the next time you come bring a miner's outfit, and I'll improve the shining hour for you."

"Resolution before the meeting—That Henry, Lord Lothbury, do hereby be declared mentally defective. Carried, *nem. con.*," muttered Charles.

"Not so. They've found coal on the estate, Charles—heaps of it. The foxy-faced brute you met was the man in charge of the borings. You'll be able to prepare the plan of the new garage, after all."

"And why didn't you tell us this before?" said Cousin Charlotte.

"There was the rumour——" I said weakly.

"Your conduct, Henry," said Aunt Ursula, "has been frivolous and exasperating in the extreme!"

"But the wedding is to be in a fortnight," I said.

THE END.



WOMAN'S WAYS

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Smoothers of Pillows.

It would seem as if the most odious war has its ironically humorous side, and this is inevitable, since human beings of all sorts and conditions and of both sexes are involved in it. Even in hospitals and ambulances people have been known to have "differences." Some of the beautiful ladies of the Voluntary Aid Detachments, who look so picturesque in their uniforms and brassards, are not always, it appears, as skilful in house-keeping as in smoothing the pillow of the wounded hero. Beef for beef-tea does not appear, because someone has forgotten to order it; there are escapes of gas where they would be most deleterious; clouds of dust have been seen to arise from the floors of a ward full of wounded men what time a cheery convalescent Tommy essayed a jig. Trained Sisters stand aghast at the management of certain Commandants, who spend a great deal more time getting up concerts—work which might reasonably be left to an Amusement Committee—than in superintending the wards. As well might the captain of a steamer leave the bridge on a stormy night and go below to arrange the details of the passengers' fancy-dress ball. All these untoward happenings are, however, to be expected. We had become such an abnormally frivolous people before the war, so lacking in real training, foresight, and sense of responsibility, that you cannot in a trice turn these womenfolk into heads of hospitals. The Spirit of Irony surveys a mad world nowadays, and will go on smiling.

Garden Parties for Tommies.

Londoners, during this radiant June, are giving garden-parties for wounded Tommies. I hope that everywhere, all over England, this happy idea will be carried out. The Georgian houses in Regent's Park, with their smooth lawns, wonderful trees, and abundant flowers, are specially suitable for al-fresco teas, with cigarettes, photographing, and games. Parties of twenty or so can be fetched from the nearest hospital, and taken back at the appointed hour. The squirrels of Regent's Park, who are thoroughly at home there—indeed, are permanent residents in one hospitable house—afford endless delight to the wounded guests. To see these engaging rodents sitting up busily tackling nuts by the tea-table is the most cheerful sight in the world. A few helpful and tactful females, who know how to talk to Tommy and to rouse his sense of humour, should be "laid on." But vague fine ladies, with parasols and flounces, must be kept out of these garden-parties. Tommy has nothing in common with them, and there is something intimidating about their appearance to a sick man just out of his bed. An air of simplicity, ease, and heartiness is all that is wanted at these open-air parties, with a liberal supply of buns, tea, and cigarettes. The ceremony of the group-photograph must not be omitted, for Tommy enjoys the process, and, to perfect the day, a copy should be sent to him afterwards. In these days, when social life is at a standstill, it seems as if the way to help is in throwing open our superb country places, with their

parks, lawns, and flower-gardens, to those who have served us at risk of their lives.

The War, Some Marriages, and Some Departures.

There are cynics who declare that if the war has produced an enormous crop of marriages between quite young people, there are any number of departures for the front or for training which are not unconnected with domestic disputes. The

married Tommy frankly declares that it means, for him, "getting away a bit from the Missus," and when one considers the tedium, the monotony, of lives in the labouring classes, it is not in the least surprising. The woman left behind is, in many cases, more affluent than she has ever been; and perhaps she does not grieve too much while her soldier is away. In the middle classes there has been an epidemic of hasty marriages, and I, for one, am all in favour of this hurried mating of the young and handsome, particularly as they do not insist upon your presenting them with objects of gold and silver. It was just this class which was rather shy of marriage before the war, or which put it off till too late to be of much service to the State, so that we were not, as the eugenists were fond of pointing out, making use of our best stock. These represent the joyous experimenters in wedlock, and may our good wishes go with them! The Departures (from the Home) will also be numerous, and we may be sure that when they come back—if they ever do—they will either be welcomed as heroes or find themselves in a readjusted world. Clearly, this war is the greatest upheaval, in every sense, that we have ever known; it would be strange if the placidity, the complacency, of the Home were not disturbed either for good or evil.

The Uses of Bad Music.

When Mr. Thomas Beecham fulminated the other day against the tyranny of bad music in prodigious quantities, he quite forgot that "bad music"—like bad books—gives more pleasure to more people than a masterpiece. Musicians themselves are not consistent. They cannot abide a music-hall song of the present day, though it may be quite acceptable, even amusing; while they will rave over some trivial ballad with a jiggling time and a bald accompaniment simply because it is "old English." Old English ballads do not appeal to Tommy (I have tried the experiment at recruits' concerts) any more than the oak dressers or wooden chairs so dear to Kensington and Chelsea. To put it plainly, he likes "a cheerful noise," and, in his more pensive moments, something of waxy sentimentality. So "bad music," and plenty of it, should be supplied in all our training-camps and convalescent hospitals. Nothing has so much effect in making sick men cheerful and dispersing the depression so common among our maimed men when they are recovering. I am quite sure that gay sounds have an extraordinary mental effect, and that music ought to be made part of curative treatment—at any rate for those who, unlike Dr. Johnson, do not "actively dislike it."



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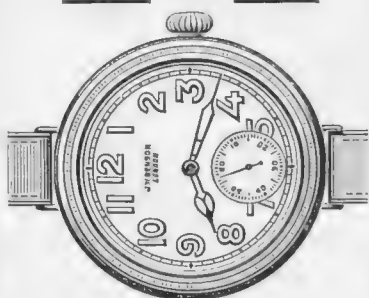
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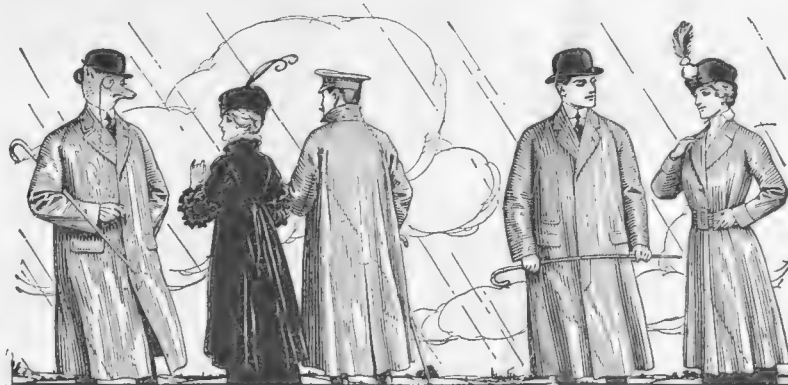
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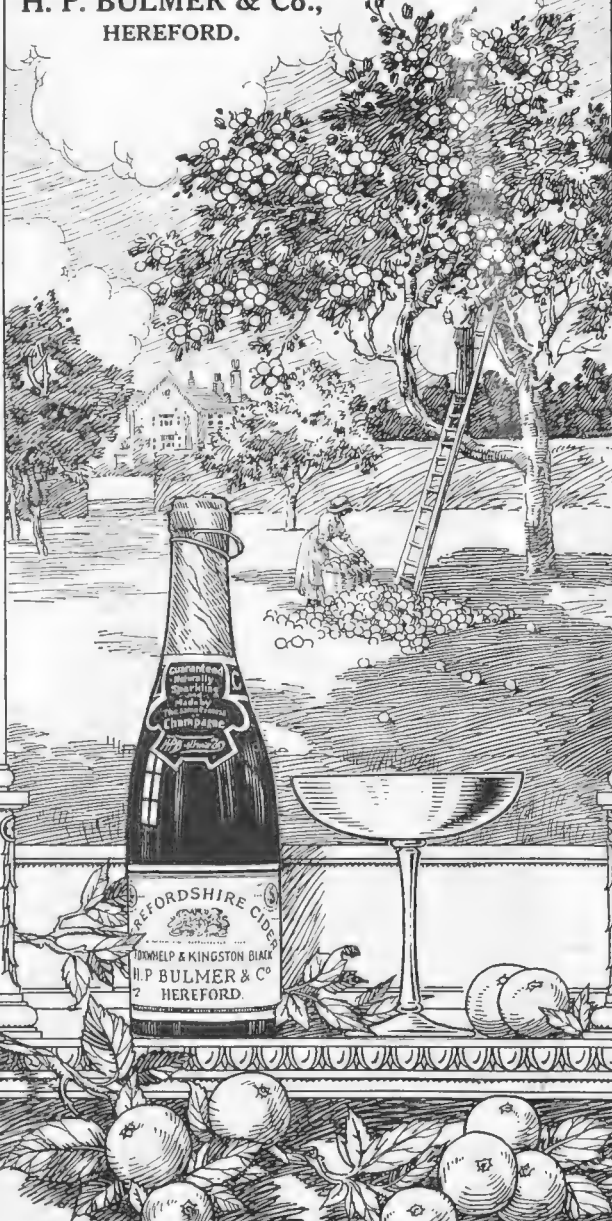
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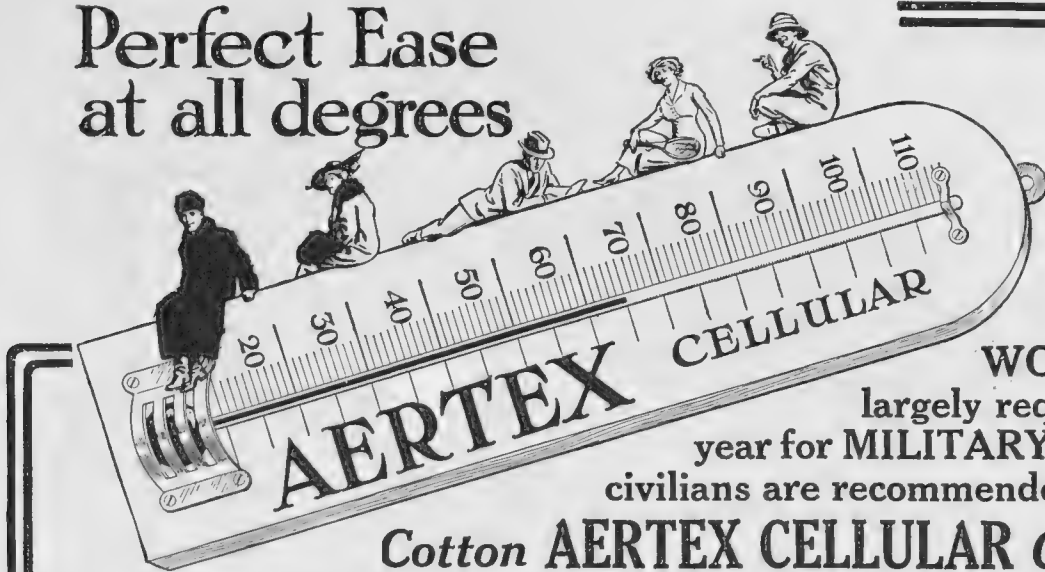
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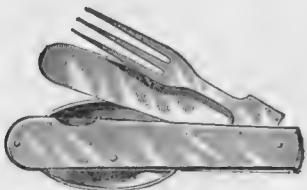
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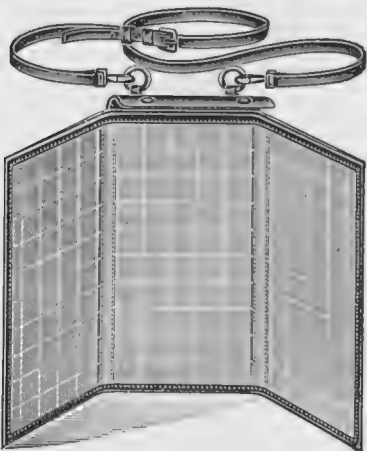
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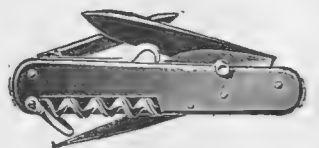
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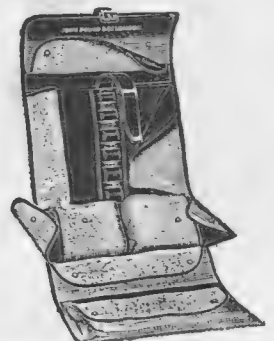
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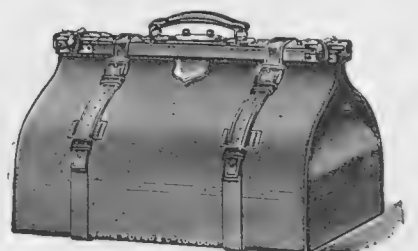


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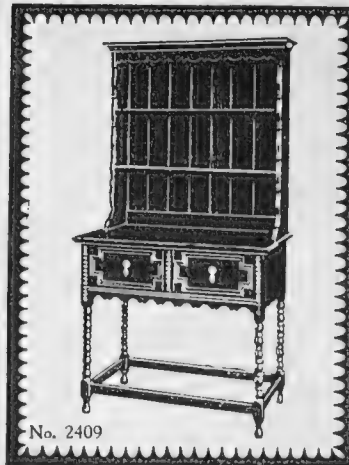
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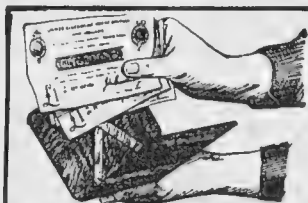
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A smart, yet thoroughly practical costume for the everyday round of country occupations.

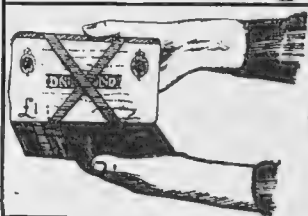
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You place the notes in the wallet as shown here.



Now close wallet and turn it over.



Open it, and the notes will be found to be secured by the bands. Which ever way the wallet is now opened, the notes cannot fall out.

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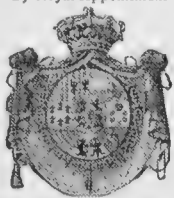
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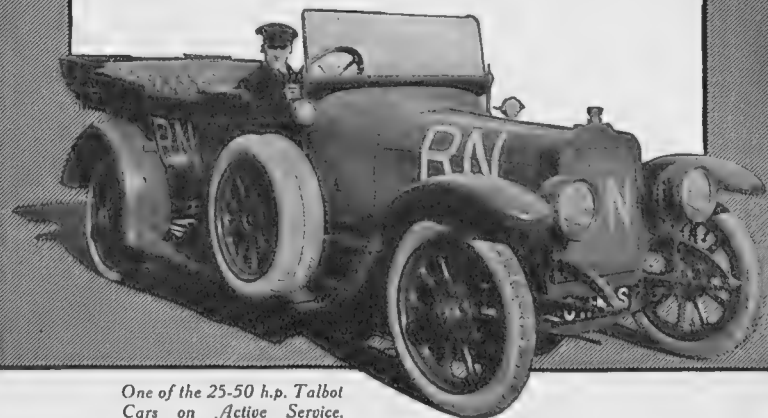
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"MARIE ODILE" is not really a pretty name—I refer to the "Odile" part, and not to the "Marie" so baffling to English tongues. "Odile," if harsh, is really the name of a recognised saint—and it was not chosen to please me. "Marie Odile" is a brave venture of Sir Herbert's, since the play is small for his great stage, and short as well; hence the necessity for passages which the printer would describe as "fill-up pars." I possess a great gift for make-belief—far greater than that of the average playgoer. I can believe in things which he would scout, and am a lover of Tertullian's phrase, "Credibile est quia ineptum." Yet "Marie Odile" utterly routs me, and to disbelieve in a play is fatal. No doubt, a real poet could have made the story credible—not necessarily by writing it in verse, but by giving it the glamour of imagination and style. Unfortunately, Mr. Edward Knoblauch is not a poet (*n'est pas poète qui veut*, say the French), so one cannot blame the playwright, except, perhaps, for the choice of a subject that will not bear his terrestrial treatment. Marie Odile was a novice in an aristocratic convent which had adopted her when left a foundling on its doorstep—a simple creature who reached womanhood still believing that some people have mothers and others are born without one. An enemy invaded the land, hostile heretic soldiers of ill reputation approached the convent, and the nuns fled. They were not such simpletons as the girl brought up by them, and knew well what soldiers might do in a nunnery. By accident, Marie was left behind: she had never seen a man, except the elderly priest and old gardener, and so when she beheld a handsome young corporal belonging to the hostile army she fancied that he was St. Michael, seeing in him some resemblance to a stained-glass picture of the saint. A year later there was a cradle with a baby in it, which shows how dangerous it is to walk in a garden with a handsome corporal. Although Marie called her child "a miracle," even her simple mind deduced the fact that there was a connection between its existence and what happened in the garden. Nevertheless, when the nuns came home at the end of the war, she proudly displayed "the miracle" to them, and talked about the soldier. Somewhere in the delightful works of Montaigne is a tale concerning a Roman matron who, after the birth of her baby, refused to appear in public because its existence convicted her of conduct which she considered immodest, if lawful—I have looked for the passage vainly, and wish some kind reader would help. There was none of this exaggerated Roman modesty about Marie. The nuns refused to accept "the miracle," and turned her out, despite the tirade of one of their number, who, in speeches that reminded me of "The Blindness of

Virtue," blamed the whole convent, alleging that Marie's sin was really theirs, since it was due to their having brought her up in ignorance of sex. I do not think that her tirades were well founded, yet I believe that all girls should be taught the rudiments of physiology. There are some pretty passages in the play and effective scenes, but it all goes very slowly. Miss Marie Löhr gave a quite beautiful performance as the heroine, remarkable for charm, sincerity, and technical skill. There was a real gem of acting by Mr. O. B. Clarence as the half-witted gardener; Mr. Basil Gill presented the naughty corporal in a pleasant, manly way; and Mr. Hubert Carter, as a roguish, brutal sergeant, acted cleverly.

"Gamblers All" is an alluring title, since everyone of us is a gambler—more or less. From the Kaiser, who is gambling in millions of lives for a stake that he won't win, to a Pascal, who in one of the famous "Pensées" discusses a kind of spiritual gamble on the chances of there being a Hell, we are all gamblers. And the humour is that most of us condemn the particular forms of gambling that we don't like. That is the basis of May Martindale's drama at Wyndham's. Sir George Langworthy approved of the Stock Exchange, but had a horror of the turf and cards. He and his like are shocked at the idea of having a bit on "both ways"—the phrase that puzzled one of our omnignorant Judges—or a martingale on a sequence, but think that you may virtuously risk a "pony" on a "stag," or a "monkey" on a "bull" or "bear"—weird language, isn't it? His young, pretty wife got horribly into debt over cards, he wouldn't help, and there was a rather mysterious very rich man named Leighton who loved her, and also a dark, beautiful grass-widow, Millicent Hope, and a gambling hell raided, very properly, by the police. It might have been a funny farce, but the author preferred melodrama—good old melodrama; so, of course, when Leighton got Lady Langworthy into his power—thanks to her charming scapegrace brother, who forged a bill—he acted nobly, and she became repentant. This, of course, is based on the fact that Mr. Lewis Waller played the part—it wouldn't do to let him act as a blackmailer. He always acts well, and particularly in the new work, where he was richly grave and made love impressively. Mr. Gerald du Maurier was the scapegrace brother, and played the part with his remarkable ease and lightness of touch, and an air of genuine contrition when in deep distress. There was an excellent performance by Mr. C. V. France as the Stock Exchange husband. Miss Madge Titheradge exhibited various emotions cleverly, and in some passages with impressive sincerity; and Miss Hilda Moore was quite charming as the grass-widow. A most ingenious character study was given by Mr. Lyston Lyle. A very strong cast and a strong play, if a little heavy and conventional, and occasionally verbose.

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THE WANDERING MUSICIAN.

BY BART KENNEDY.

HE was a little old man of about seventy, and he was standing at the kerb playing one of Beethoven's melodies on an old violin. No one was listening to him, but he didn't mind that. It was as if he were playing for himself.

Just a little old man with all his life behind him. I wondered as to who or what he might be. The tone of the violin was small and not good in quality, but he played with a sense of style and rhythm. A small, frail ghost of one of the melodies of the immortal Beethoven was living in the street of this country town!

I had stopped, and was listening. I felt a sympathy for the old man, even as I do for all street musicians, for amongst other things in a somewhat varied, up-and-down life, I have been a street musician myself. And as I listened it occurred to me that, as like as not, the old man had as good a time as old men usually have. He practised his profession out in the free open air, and the coppers he got kept him. He lived, and who is there who does very much more?

"How long have you been on the road?" I asked, after he had finished the melody.

Oh, he had been on the road some fourteen years, he told me, in a voice that was frail and weak as the tone of his violin. But though his voice was old and worn as himself, there was in it no hint of complaint against fate. About the old man was the underlying cheerfulness of air that belongs to those who wander from place to place. Such people learn that life is at the best but a mutable thing, and they take what comes with philosophy.

He used to play in an orchestra in London, but his eyes had failed him, and in the end he went out on the road. His wife had died, and his children had scattered to places he knew not of. And now he went along by himself, playing his old violin. He would go on and on with it till the end. He played just what he liked himself. This melody that had come from the greatest of all musicians was his favourite.

He earned about ten shillings a week. Some days were better than others. Saturday was always a good day. It usually brought him about two shillings. Holidays were also good. On such days the people were generous with their pennies and halfpennies.

People rarely stopped to hear him play, he told me. They just, if they were so disposed, gave him a penny or a halfpenny and passed along. And so it was that he was free to play just the music he liked for himself. Now and then a passer-by gave him sixpence. But that was a rare occurrence. As a rule, what he got was a penny.

Did he like London? No, he told me, in answer to my question. London was a good place in which to get money, but there was too much sound in it. It confused him and made him unable to hear properly what he was playing. Years had gone by since he had last been in London. He preferred the small country towns. For then he could hear what he was playing.

I asked him if he knew a certain melody of Weber's. Yes, he knew it. But it was a long, long time since he had played it! He began it for me. But after a bar or two he stopped. He had forgotten it. But he tried it again, this time more successfully. Again he tried it, and the memory of the melody came back to him.

How strangely it sounded here in the street of the quiet country town. The sun was shining, but even so there was about his playing a suggestion of ghostliness. I could feel the past surrounding us there in the quiet, sunlit street. The old man closed his eyes as he was playing. Doubtless for him there lived in the violin a beautiful, ethereal tone. And, after all, the thin, poor quality of the tone of the old violin was but as a threadbare covering that enclosed the soul of the simple, beautiful melody of the past now so long gone.

The old wandering musician gave forth its inner meaning. What mattered it if those that might pass heeded it not? It lived for all that.

And then he played me one of the arias of Handel. It was an aria that I had heard given forth years before by one of the world's most glorious voices. Behind the sounds of the old violin I could hear again the tones of the matchless singer—the singer who was gone. Joseph Maas! The old man brought the memory of his singing most vividly to my mind. Again I could hear his voice as it rang forth with wondrous, silver, clarion tones.

Again the old man and I talked for a while. When first he felt his sight going he was afraid! He wondered how he would get a living for his wife and himself. They were alone, for their children had gone from them. And then his wife died suddenly, and for a time after that things had been very hard for him indeed. He had had to leave the orchestra. He was afraid at first that he would go blind altogether. But his sight got better. His days for playing in the orchestra, however, were over. His sight never again became strong to stand the work.

So gradually there came to him the idea of becoming a street musician. But he did not put the idea into practice till he was actually forced by hunger.

He began in London. On the first night, when he stopped in the street and commenced to play he was so nervous that he broke down. It was not at all like playing in the orchestra. But he was hungry, and he had to do what he could. So he went along to another street and began to play again. This time he kept on, and

(Continued overleaf.)



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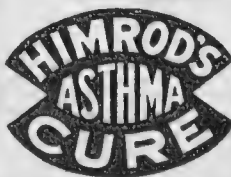
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Board of Trade Advice.

The Board of Trade recently called attention to the great importance of restricting the consumption of meat with a view to economising the national supplies and avoiding an excessive increase in price.

Enormous quantities are required for the Army and Navy, and it is an act of patriotism on the part of the civil population to eat less meat and prevent a shortage that might affect our fighting men.

The public have been advised by well-known food experts to eat more cheese.

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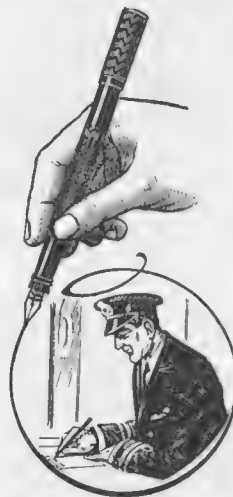
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BEFORE THE MIRROR

By "JEANNETTE."

"Jeannette," the well-known writer on Beauty Culture and author of "The Book of Beauty," will be pleased to help and advise any reader on matters of the Toilet. Queries should be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope and directed to "Jeannette," c/o "Before the Mirror," 43, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

These are undoubtedly days of exceptional nervous strain for one and all of us. Anxiety, with its beauty-destroying influence, is casting its shadow over the lives of many of us women, and while, perhaps, a few—the more stoical among us—can avoid worrying over past or prospective events, we may all, with a little care and forethought, succeed in preventing the result of worry from being noticeable in our appearance. To these fortunate few, this little chat will, however, be as interesting and instructive as to those who stand in real need of help in toilet matters, and may be the means of bringing to their notice some hitherto unknown method of retaining or regaining that beauty of face and figure which is the birthright of every woman. Some of the ingredients mentioned below are, at present, not generally known to the public, but any good chemist will usually be found to have a small quantity in stock.

Freckles and How to Cure Them.—It is always those with the finest and fairest skins who freckle most easily, but this knowledge is poor comfort when the face is disfigured with these ugly little blemishes. To prevent the formation of freckles a wash should be applied to the face which will form a shield from the rays of the sun. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by dissolving an ounce of clemite in four table-spoonfuls of hot water. Shake the bottle, and when cold, apply to the face and allow to dry on the skin. If this is done every day, renewing the application whenever the face is washed, and a little mercolized wax rubbed into the skin every night, freckles will not make their appearance, no matter how hot the sun. To remove freckles which have already formed, apply the wax every night, rub it well into the skin of the face and neck and leave it on till the morning. Then wash off, using Pileta soap and warm water.

To Reduce a Double Chin.—To reduce a double chin, give hard, firm massage every night with mercolized wax, stroking the flesh firmly backwards from the chin towards the lower portion of the neck. Do this every night, and in the morning bathe with cold water and rub into the skin a little paradium jelly. This treatment will strengthen the flabby tissues and restore the contour of the face. Occasionally a double chin is due to stooping over books or work, but generally it is the result of putting on weight. When the latter is the case, a few clyon berries, eaten regularly every day, will greatly assist in reducing

the superfluous flesh. A glass of hot water should be sipped after each meal.

The Hair—To Increase the Growth.—To arrest an undue falling of the hair and increase the growth, scalp massage and the application of a good tonic are absolutely necessary. Part the hair in the centre, and starting at the forehead, massage for at least ten minutes. Then apply a tonic. A simple and inexpensive one can be made up at home by mixing one ounce of boranium (which can be bought at the chemist's) with a quarter of a pint of bay rum. Add the boranium to the bay rum, allow to stand for half-an-hour, then strain, and add sufficient water to make half a pint. Dab amongst the roots of the hair with a soft sponge.

Superfluous Hair.—Dark-complexioned women are far more frequently troubled with a growth of superfluous hair than those with fair skins, and at the first sign of these objectionable hairs, steps should be taken to remove them, or they will develop into a strong growth which will take a very long time to destroy. A little powdered pheninol applied to this growth will remove the unsightly blemish, destroying it permanently if the hairs be but few. Two or more applications may be necessary, if the growth be unusually strong, but about one ounce of pheninol should be sufficient for the most stubborn case. Pheninol can be obtained at the chemist's, and a little powdered alum should be obtained at the same time for dusting the skin before applying the pheninol.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO DARKEN THE EYEBROWS (L. M.).—There is no dye which I could recommend as "safe," but if you rub a little mennenaline into the eyebrows and at the roots of the eyelashes, regularly every night, it will darken them naturally and will also increase the growth of the eyelashes.

TO REDUCE WEIGHT (SADIE).—Yes, your weight and measurements are certainly more than they should be for your height and I quite agree that being so stout makes you look old. I am pleased to be able to tell you of a quick, easy and pleasant way to reduce both. Get a small quantity of clyon berries from the chemist's and take one after each meal, three times a day. Weigh yourself after one month's treatment and you will be delighted with the result.

TO KEEP THE HAIR FAIR (DORIS).—If you shampoo your hair regularly with stallax granules it will prevent it from turning dark. One teaspoon of stallax is sufficient for a shampoo and an original packet will make from twenty-five to thirty shampoos. Stallax keeps indefinitely.

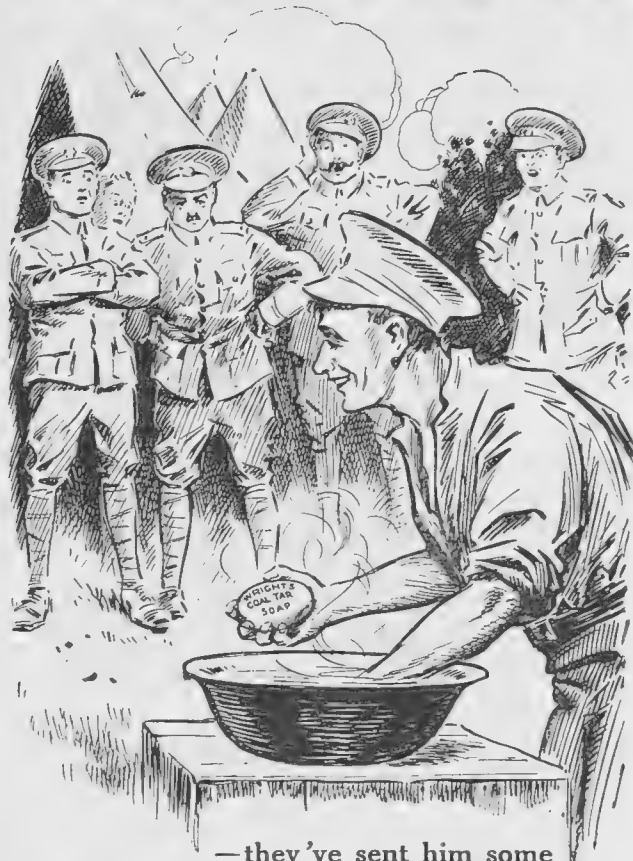
TO IMPROVE A DULL, MUDDY COMPLEXION (D. B.).—Your complexion is dull and

muddy-looking because it needs thorough cleansing and renewing of the outer cuticle. To do this get a tin of mercolized wax, and with the tips of the fingers rub a little gently into the skin, going over the entire face and neck. Leave the wax on all night and in the morning wash it off with a good soap (you will find Pileta excellent). In a month's time you will notice a most surprising improvement. (2) Liquid pergol will prevent the excessive perspiration of which you complain. (3) Nothing can be done.

TO ARREST GREYNESS (FLO).—You are indeed far too young to go grey yet. Get about an ounce of concentrate of tammalite and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Dab this on the hair and amongst the roots. It will soon make matters all right.

TO WHITEN A BROWN NECK (W. K.).—To whiten your neck use jettaline. Get a tube of this from the chemist's and rub a little well into the skin of the neck; leave it on till next morning. Do this regularly every night for three or four weeks and you will find that the skin will become beautifully clear and white.

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Continued.

a woman who was passing stopped and gave him twopence. With the twopence he went and got a cup of coffee and a couple of slices of bread. After that he felt all right. On the first night he earned two-and-sixpence. And he felt very joyful. He saw his way to the making of a living.

It was years now since he had started. And he was quite content with his life. There was no one to bother him, no one to interfere with him. As a matter of fact, he went along playing for himself. And passing people kindly gave him coppers. He was alone and old, but in no other sense was his life pathetic. He did what he wanted to do, and that is all that man can really ask. No more can be given to a man even though he should possess the wealth of the world.

I shook hands with him and passed on my way. And the thought came to me that, if a fate such as his were ordained for me when I grew old, I would welcome it. To wander and wander along from town to town, playing the music that one wanted to play! What could be better? What more could one ask?

I turned—and there he was, standing just where I had left him. He was playing away on his old violin.

The 500th performance of "Potash and Perlmutter" will be a *matinée*, taking place at the Queen's Theatre on June 24, and Messrs. George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard have most generously promised to give the entire takings of that performance to the funds of the Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Hostel, St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park. The 500th performance of this extraordinarily successful play could not be signalled in a better manner. Tickets should be bought at once.

Mrs. Ernest Taylor, the wife of the Flag-Captain at the Nore, appeals for subscriptions (however small) for the War Hospitals Supplies Depot, or gifts of calico, medical gauze, cotton wool, unbleached calico or linen. These are urgently needed, and if sent to her at 2, Medway Villas, Chatham, will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

TERRITORIALISMS.

FROM some letters we have received on our series of humorous cartoons under the heading of "Territorialisms," we are sorry to find that in some quarters these have been taken more seriously than was intended, and have been regarded as implying a slur upon the Territorial Force generally. We should like to say that nothing, of course, was further from our intention, and that we should be the first to acknowledge the magnificent work which the Territorials have done in the war—work which has won the admiration of the world, military and civilian. Our drawings were merely meant as good-natured chaff, dealing with the familiar humours of all kinds of recruiting, which might have been equally well applied to the recruits of any part of the Army. The choice of the heading "Territorialisms" was purely fortuitous, as it happened to suggest itself.

One of the chief after-luncheon attractions of the Souvenir Luncheon at the Savoy on July 6 will be a Sale Room, to which the large ball-room, so well known on New Year's Eve, will be devoted, and here will be sold the many charming and valuable souvenirs which have been given by celebrities of the artistic world to help the Employment Rooms, which are employing so many actresses who, owing to the war, have been obliged to seek for work outside their own profession. The souvenirs comprise original sketches, valuable and interesting autograph letters, and personal belongings which have been worn or used by the senders during the run of famous plays. Among the hundred hosts and hostesses are Mlle. Adeline Genée, Mr. George Robey, Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford, Sir George and Lady Frampton, Mr. and Mrs. John Lavery, Sir Herbert and Lady Tree, Sir Guy and Lady Laking, and Miss Elizabeth Asquith. The tickets, which start at one guinea and include wine, also admit to the Sale Room, and may be had from Mrs. C. F. Leyel, Savoy Hotel. Telephone, 4343 Gerrard.

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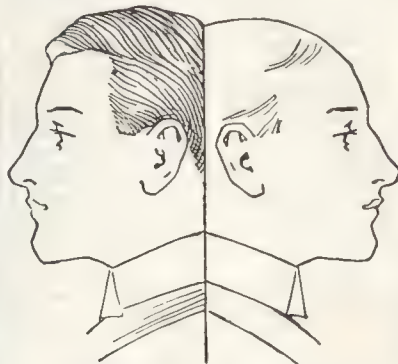
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IN SUMMER MOOD.



The Science of Beauty

DEEPLY ingrained in the heart of almost every woman is the desire to be or to remain beautiful. Unacknowledged, it may be, even disavowed, but as ineradicable as the instinctive attraction of man to woman or woman to man. It is doubtless as old as the human race, and the arts that spring from it are as old as the earliest civilisation. Indeed, the Culture of Beauty is credited with being the oldest of the Arts. Whether that be so or not, there is no doubt that to-day Beauty Culture is a Science, and the successful practice of it demands intelligence of no mean order.

While much may be done at home for the removal of tell-tale wrinkles and lines, and the restoration of the bloom of a faded complexion, that much is little compared with what can be accomplished by the deft fingers and trained intelligence of anyone who has made a life study of the Science of Beauty Culture. So much has been recognised, and consequently there is great demand for the services of the select few who are really qualified to undertake such important work.

The name of Pomeroy has long stood as a synonym for whatever is best and up-to-date in Beauty Treatment. Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd., of 29, Old Bond St., London, W., are the pioneers of present-day beauty culture, the originators of the newer, better methods made possible by increased scientific knowledge.



THE Beauty Treatments given at the Pomeroy Salons are preventive and corrective. Many ladies, wise in their generation, visit the Pomeroy Rooms in the heyday of their Beauty. They have no blemishes that need correction, but they have Beauty that needs protection. And they go to Pomeroy's to receive attention and service which will prevent Time, Weather, and other enemies of Beauty from levying toll upon the face. Such ladies are indeed to be congratulated upon their foresight: they may grow old, they will not grow ugly; they will not even lose the facial freshness and charm which one associates usually only with youthfulness.

But the treatments which are the most wonderful—and, alas! the most called-for—are corrective treatments. These are devised to put right Nature's wrongs and to remedy defects caused by Time and neglect.

Some ladies are afflicted with Superfluous Hair, Moles, Nævi, Warts, Birth-marks—Nature's wrongs, every one of them.

The correction of such blemishes calls for very expert treatment. Perhaps in this, more than any other branch of beauty culture, Mrs. Pomeroy excels. Take Superfluous Hair, for instance. In the twenty or more years the business has been established, thousands of cases have been treated successfully. Some meant the removal of twenty, fifty, or a hundred conspicuous hairs from the lip, the chin, or the cheek. Others meant the removal of several hundreds of hairs; in one case, no less than 7000 hairs were removed. One can imagine the patience and skill needed for such an undertaking; yet the work was performed without a scar remaining to show evidence of the one-time presence of Superfluous Hair.

And the hairs, once removed, never grow again. There is nothing left to grow. Root and papilla are destroyed. So that the treatment means final extinction of the blemish, and the extinction of the blemish means a positive enhancement of facial attractiveness. There is no other method which will finally destroy superfluous hair without risk to the skin. Any woman whose face is marred by unsightly hair-growths, or the troubles mentioned

earlier, may be quite sure of obtaining relief at the hands of Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd.

Then with regard to the blemishes caused by the passing of Time—or, to be strictly accurate, caused by neglect. Of these, wrinkles, lines, and a muddy, tired complexion are the most common. Pomeroy Face Treatments, given by experts who, day in and day out, are engaged in their application, are wonderfully effective in obliterating the marks of Time and neglect. No one need despair of receiving from the Pomeroy experts the help that will mean added facial attractiveness. Not in an hour or a day can a faded skin be restored to its youthful softness and brilliance, but a course of Pomeroy Treatments will most certainly have the desired effect. Even one treatment will accomplish much. Any lady who visits the Pomeroy Salons may be assured of this: that she will receive skilled attention in the most agreeable surroundings, and that the preparations used in the various treatments are skilfully compounded for the purpose in view and are free from deleterious substances. A pleasing feature of the Pomeroy methods is the ready willingness to impart information to ladies interested in the work, without the visitor being, *or feeling*, under any obligation to take a treatment or purchase any preparation. Ladies who avail themselves of Mrs. Pomeroy's offer of free advice may be quite sure that they will not be made to feel uncomfortable should they decide not to take advantage of the advice given. The visitor is welcome, whether she become a customer or not.

The Pomeroy Principal Treatment Rooms are at 29, Old Bond Street, London, W.; 27, Lece Street, Liverpool; 10, St. Ann's Square, Manchester; 281, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; and 67, Grafton Street, Dublin.

For the benefit of those who are unable to call at one of the addresses mentioned, a book of "Beauty Rules" has been published by Mrs. Pomeroy, Ltd. This contains much valuable information, besides giving particulars of the various Pomeroy Treatments and Preparations for home use. A copy may be had free from the London address by anyone interested in Beauty Culture.



THE WAR BRIDE.

Photograph by J. Mitchell Elliot.



THE WAR WIDOW.

Photograph by Mrs. G. A. Barton.



IN A DREAM BALLET.

DRAWN BY BRUNELLESCHI.

AS TOMMY DOES NOT LIKE IT: CALLERS ON WOUNDED.



LADY VERE DE VERE.



AUNTIE.

DRAWN BY MISS WATSON WILLIAMS.

AS TOMMY LIKES IT: CALLERS ON WOUNDED.



HIS BEST GIRL.



HIS PARTICULAR PAL.

DRAWN BY MISS WATSON WILLIAMS.



A CHEEKY LITTLE DEVIL.

DRAWN BY F. FABIANO.



ROSALBA.

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A FEATHER IN HER CAP!

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THE ONE AND ONLY GABY.

PAINTED BY W. BARRIBAL.



PAINTED BY LOU MAYER.

GRAPE-SHOT.

N.B.—We should like to note that this painting was done a considerable time before the publication of the London Hippodrome Revue poster, which bears some resemblance to it.



AN ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENT.



THE SHOE-LACE.

DRAWN BY RAPHAËL KIRCHNER.

(Original in the Possession of the Bruton Galleries, Bruton Street, W.)

A NEW JUNE: AT TWO HOURS' NOTICE.



THE NEW "PINK DOMINO" FIANCÉE IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT": MISS MADGE SAUNDERS

To take up such a rôle as that of the delightful fiancée June, in "To-Night's the Night," at the Gaiety Theatre, at a couple of hours' notice, calls for courage as well as ability, but the adventure was successfully carried out by Miss Madge Saunders, who was suddenly called upon to give up her rôle of Daisy de Menthe,

of the Piccadilly Theatre, and don the pink domino of June—one of the three fascinating ladies who play such conspicuous parts in the new Gaiety revue. Miss Saunders accomplished the quick change with success. She received her training in singing from Mrs. Walder Wallis.—[Photograph by Hopp.]

SING-HI — AND OTHERS : A HIPPODROME FAVOURITE.



A Star of "Push and Go": Miss Shirley Kellogg.

A general and persistent favourite, Miss Shirley Kellogg is once more delighting her audiences in the "Push and Go" revue at the London Hippodrome. Miss Kellogg is seen among the Celestials, as Sing-Hi, in Oriental garb which suits her *à merveille*,

and also appears in other rôles in the revue: Mavourneen O'Shea, with a fascinating song, "On the Road to Dublin Town"; The Hostess; and The Balloon Girl. She is irresistible in them all.—[*Photograph by Wrather and Buys.*]



AS IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF THE CRIMEA.

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



The Flower-Worshipper.

Miss Kyrle Bellew is in the cast of Mr. Keble Howard's new play, "The Green Flag," which, as mentioned under our portrait of Miss Constance Collier, Mr. Arthur Bouchier arranged to produce at the Vaudeville on June 11. Miss Kyrle Bellew has recently been charming London playgoers as leading lady in the revival of "Raffles" at Wyndham's

Theatre. She is a kinswoman of that famous actor, the late Kyrle Bellew. Our readers may remember also that she has lately helped by example to revive the pretty fashion of the "kiss curl." Miss Bellew is possessed of both acting talent and personal charm.—[*Photograph of Miss Kyrle Bellew by E. O. Hoppé.*]



Queen of Tragedy.

Miss Constance Collier is one of a strong cast for Mr. Keble Howard's new play, "The Green Flag," which Mr. Arthur Bouchier arranged to produce at the Vaudeville on Friday, the 11th, appearing in it himself. The author, we need hardly remind our readers, writes the light-hearted "Motley Notes" for "The Sketch." Miss Constance Collier has

recently been seen in two memorable war matinées. She made a stately figure of War, eventually transformed into Peace, in the "Masque of War and Peace" at Drury Lane. More recently she appeared as Venus in one of the living tableaux at the "Motherhood" matinée at the Haymarket.—[*Photograph of Miss Constance Collier by Malcolm Arbuthnot.*]



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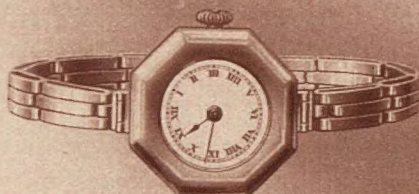
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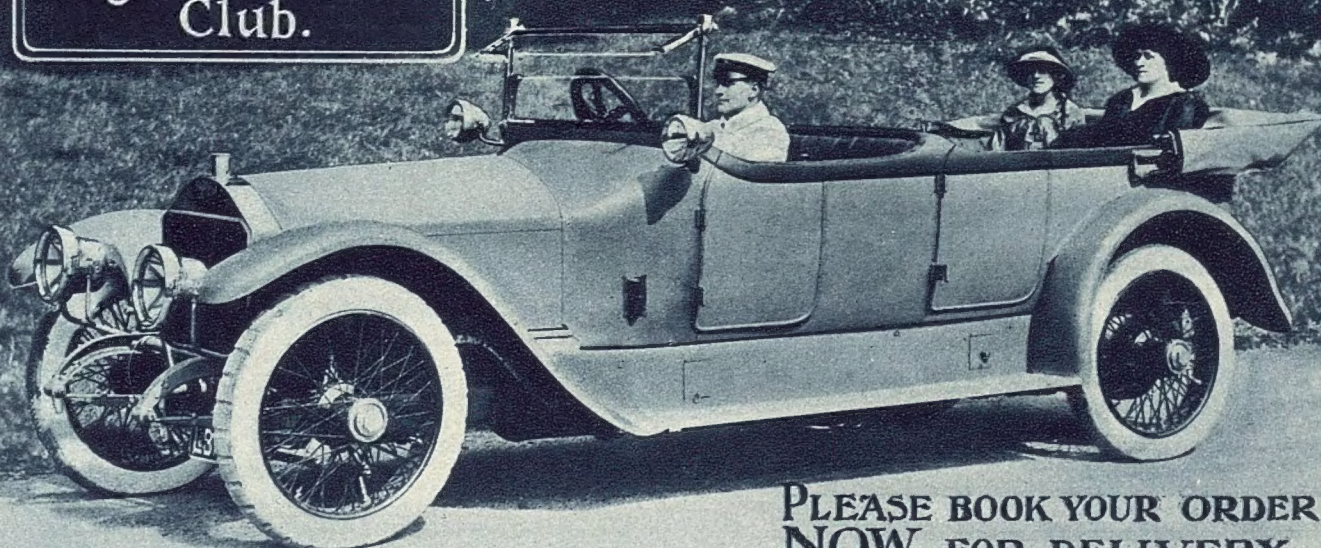
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